

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

REMARKS CONCERNING THE—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our disks generally, they can be made up of either perforated, or of both, to suit the members. And, if the holder-up of a disk for Ten Pairs proves the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while Ten Pairs will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine disks, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both perforated; as well as to disks made up of the respective and the paper. This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that members design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

LADY ORATORS.

Lady Pigot made a speech on education at a public meeting in Covington, England, a short time since. Her ladyship spoke of considerable length, with much zeal and energy, and was loudly applauded.

The ladies seem to be turning over a new leaf, and coming out as orators. In this country we have now two celebrated young lady orators—Miss Evans and Miss Dickinson. The former we have not heard, though we believe she is a Welsh girl, and quite young—her specialty is Temperance. Miss Dickinson, however, is of Philadelphia birth.

We have always had considerable prejudices against lady orators—though we admit it is difficult to see why it is any more improper for ladies to speak than to sing in public, and they do the latter in the choirs of all our churches, to say nothing of our concerts and operas. But whatever the general opinion of men may be upon the subject, it is difficult not to make an exception in favor of any one to whom the Creator has given unusual abilities. And looking at Miss Dickinson simply as an orator—putting aside entirely her sentiments and opinions—we give it as our judgment that she is not surpassed by any speaker in the Union. We are in the habit of going to hear all those who have a reputation for oratory, without regard to our opinion of their opinions; and we have heard Gough, and Beecher, and Phillips, (who we think rather overrated as an orator by his reformatory friends,) and Curtis, and many popular political speakers; but while we admit that some of these manifest a sounder judgment and a wider mental and spiritual scope, we have yet to hear one who, in the peculiar powers of the orator, excels Miss Dickinson. In the ability to convey a whole volume of meaning by a single phrase, or even a mere word and glance—in the subtle magnetism of voice, and feature, and manner—in pathos—in sarcasm—and in power and that something we call "eloquence" of description—in our opinion she stands by the side of Mr. Gough, and in the very front rank of American orators.

But what do you mean by oratory, some one may be ready to ask. We mean that power which the personal presence and delivery of the speaker lend to the thing spoken. One of our contemporaries said the other day, that he would rather hear an old Joe Miller told by Gough, than an equally good original anecdote told by another man. That is oratory. Between one of Gough's speeches from the lips of Gough, and the same speech from the lips of any common man, is the difference between the sparkle of the ocean wave and a dull vial full of salt water. Wendell Phillips's speeches, on the contrary, read in the newspaper better than they sound from his lips—his delivery being rather cold and hesitating. Reading them, you find that they are both clear and eloquent, which you doubted when you heard them. They are fine essays rather than speeches.

Miss Dickinson's discourses are well written; many passages, if we are not greatly mistaken, would lose very little in the reading; and yet, like Gough, she can infuse even into a common, threadbare thought and anecdote and sarcasm the fresh life and sparkle of the soul. It is the power of the orator that enables a speaker to do this—the magnetic charm of a spirit so fresh and glowing itself, that everything it touches must glow and sparkle beneath it, even as the sun lights up with its rays a piece of glass or a flake of common mica, until it blazes and scintillates like the diamond.

The sunlight fades away, and you cry, see it is only glass, it is only mica, and you feel perhaps more or less deceived and disappointed; but the sunlight, though evanescent, was so clear, so brilliant, and in its celestial though fleeting ray was the brilliancy and the glory.

CAMDEN DIRECTORY.—A City Directory for Camden, our immediate New Jersey neighbors, has been published by F. A. Caseday, of that place. Camden is getting to be so extensive a city, that a Directory is one of its necessities; and its citizens should encourage Mr. Caseday in his undertaking.

THE ROYAL BARK.

M. B. Clavering, in a letter to the *Post*, says: "I have just returned from a visit to the Royal Bark, a vessel of the United States Navy, which is now in the harbor of Philadelphia. It is a fine vessel, and the crew is well trained."

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An unfortunate Scotchman, whose name was *Pigeon*, was obliged, in pursuit of fortune, to settle among some Germans in the western part of New York. They made a much better provision than Theophilus did; they translated him directly into German, and called him *Pfeiffer*. On his return to an English neighborhood, his new acquaintances discovered that *Pfeiffer* in German meant *Pist* in English. They translated instead of restoring his name, and the descendants of *Pigeon* go by the name of *Pist* to this day.

I ought, however, to except one of his grandsons, who settled at the Acadia Court near Mississippi, whose name underwent the fate of the rest of the family; he was called, by a literal translation into French, *Pierre a Pist*. And his eldest son, returning to the family clan, underwent another process, and was called *Peter Gun*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—ADDRESS OF EDWARD EVERETT AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, 19th of November, 1863, with the Dedictory Speech of President Lincoln, and the other Exercises of the Occasion. Published for the Benefit of the Cemetery Monument Fund. We are pleased to see the eloquent Address of Mr. Everett, the excellent and appropriate Dedictory Speech of the President, and the other Exercises of the Cemetery Dedication collected together in this well-printed pamphlet. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE ART OF DANCING. By THOMAS HILLOP. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, N. Y.; and for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia.

DIARY OF A DETECTIVE POLICE OFFICER. By "WATER." Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, N. Y.; and for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia.

THE LITTLE ADVENTURES. Songs, Verses and Speeches of Private Miles O'Reilly (47th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers). Post of Honor in the Private's Sheet. Published by Carleton, New York. We are rather disappointed in "Private O'Reilly's" book—the prose letters and speeches and even the songs, not seeming to come up to the level of the poems which we have seen floating through the press. "Private Miles O'Reilly," we are sorry to hear, is the son of a plume of a New York author; for what read so amusingly as production of a private soldier—some licking Irishman in the ranks—has been quite taken out of it when we find it is a mask. For sale by Ashmead & Evans, 724 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

MARRIAGE AND BETTLING BODIES.—A recent private letter from a member of the New York 1st Cavalry, dated at Chattanooga, Va., expresses great satisfaction at the position of the regiment in the Shenandoah Valley, from which the writer hopes to not be

FORCED ENJOYMENT.

The idea of such a thing as *not* enjoying oneself! Why, the very expression is paradoxical; it is of the very essence of enjoyment that you should be in the mood, that heart and soul should make common cause with the body, and the three should combine together, in so doing, but rejoice. And yet how seldom is this the case with the majority of persons! How can you make up your mind that such will be the case with you to-morrow, to-morrow, at seven o'clock P. M., or at half past eight, or at nine, or at ten, according to the nature of the enjoyment at which the pleasure of your company is requested by your friends or associates? I should not like to give a reason on compulsion; would he have declined to enjoy himself on compulsion? Yet there are the terms upon which most of us are expected to enjoy ourselves. We are invited to partake of enjoyment upon a set day at a set hour, when, if we had our own way, we should most likely "sit upon the ground and tell and stories," when we would much rather attend a funeral or an execution; when, in fact, there has fallen upon us "a great melancholy." Shakes II. off, says Jolly. Shakes your side off, say I; shake a building off the calf of your leg; shake typhus fever off, it's quite as easy for some constitutions. Poor Isabella (as a fond but stern parent called her) was, I fancy, cursed with such a constitution. It was certainly laughable, but, at the same time, painful, to see the efforts she made to enjoy herself as a duty. It was at the Crystal Palace, upon a certain day, that I saw poor Isabella taking her enjoyment upon compulsion. My attention was attracted by a small party of four, consisting, as I conjectured from certain signs and tokens, of a spectacled, prim, and awful mother, with two little daughters and a little son. The mother was, in her appearance, highly respectable, but her education, to judge from her language, had been slightly neglected. The little boy and the younger girl were in a state of high glee and exploded with merriment, but the older girl, about ten years of age, preserved a thoughtful, sad, distrust expression. This was Isabella. The mother was evidently only on duty; she had given up frivolous pleasures long ago, but she considered that it was the province of children to get exhilarated to order, and to enjoy the amusements which she paid for; and she repressed Isabella's conduct accordingly. Isabella's was-begone face, whilst the shadow pantomimes was being performed, attracted me, and I took up a position near the group to watch her. For, to tell the truth, I sympathized with her greatly, and found the entertainment particularly dreary. So Isabella sat silent and grave, whilst her little sister and little brother clapped their hands and roared again. A grim smile illumined the mother's face as she leaned over the little shouter and said "that's right, my dears, it's a pleasure to bring you out; one feels one ain't paid money for nothink;" but she regarded Isabella with an angry scowl. Presently Spectacles whispered slowly and distinctly: "Isabella," she said in a warning tone, "you ain't enj'yin' yourself." Poor Isabella gave a slight start and tried for a time to appear amused; but she soon relapsed into the old stupor. Again Spectacles whispered, this time threateningly: "Isabella," she said, with an emphasis on the first syllable, "I paid for you to enj'y yourself." Isabella made another effort, and another failure, whereupon Spectacles whispered again, and these appalling monosyllables reached my ear, "When we get 'ome, I whip you, miss." Isabella now made frantic attempts to appear entertained; she clapped her hands and laughed hysterically, but Spectacles was not to be imposed upon. "Now," she whispered with concentrated passion, inventing a verb in the extremity of her wrath, "You're 'ypercritin', and what I 'ste wust is an 'ypercritin', at which Isabella, seeing fate was against her, resigned herself to abject misery, and I should think felt no peace of mind until she had reached home, had been well whipped, had been put to bed, and was sobbing in grief away under the clothes. Poor Isabella! I often think of her when my friends, or enemies, invite me out, and expect me to enjoy myself against the grain.

What I call enjoyment is sudden; you act upon the spur of the moment. Say the weather is bright and frosty, or bright and warm, and your spirits in accord with the brightness of the weather; then alone, or with friends picked up, you can skate, or walk, or drive, or ride, or row, or sail, or even lie at ease upon the green sward, and enjoy yourself the live-long day. But to make up your mind to enjoy yourself upon a particular day at a particular hour, seems to me absurd and almost impossible. Yet you must do so if you give in to the prevailing ideas of enjoyment; for enjoyment, according to general notions, appears to consist principally in dinner-parties, tea-parties, and balls; all of which are to me equally objectionable. It is bore enough to be obliged to eat and drink at all; but to be obliged to eat and drink at a particular hour, in a suit of mourning, without allow-room, in momentary dread of being completely covered by the sea of military on each side of you, what is pretty certain to disorganize

AN ETHIOPIAN COURT.

The court of Louis XIV. was a most extremely ceremonious; the death of Henry not more craven nor made cruel. At three he would be brightly and distinct, stand on his dignity, and keep Captain Spots writing for him in his study room; then, like the hero after a tragedy, would come a couple some like the following. Captain Spots had been asked to shoot for the king's gratification. He had brought down a volume on the wing, which, full, some disease of, in a garden enclosure. by [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

[illegible]

But there is a reverse to the medal. Majesty in Uganda does not always practice on valour. He had one day been delighted at seeing Captain Speke shoot, with a revolver, a cow that was wanted for provision. Then—

He handed one of the cartridges I had given him with his own hands, and giving it full-credit to a page, told him to go out and shoot a man in the outer court; which was no sooner accomplished than the little wretch returned to announce his success, with a look of gloom such as one would see in the face of a boy who had robbed a bird's-nest, caught a wasp, or done any other boyish trick. The king said to him,—"And did you do it well?" "Oh, yes,—exactly." He spoke the truth, no doubt, for he dared not have trifled with the king; but the affair created hardly any interest. I never heard, and there appeared no curiosity to know, what individual human being the wretch had deprived of life.—Page 202.

ORPHAN ASYLUMS.

These institutions are sending out yearly into the world numbers of fine, well-trained, sensible young women, many of whom are really friends, and have to face life as a case of deep and bitter struggles. The very blessings and the kindness of the Asylums make them feel more keenly the friendlessness of their after-life. Suppose that some institution were formed which took such of these orphans as were willing to emigrate when they were compelled to leave the "old home," which they are generally forced to do at the age of fourteen or fifteen, and gave them, in addition to their former excellent education, a sound and thorough domestic training, and then sent them abroad, keeping up an *esprit de corps* among them, and trying to preserve communications with them when in foreign lands: and we should bring down a blessing on us from the colonies to which we had done so great a kindness. I would have these girls trained to bake, to milk, to cook, to brew, to wash, to iron, and yet keep them up to the mark as to their old studies; make them, in fact, in domestic matters, old-fashioned English housewives, such as may still be occasionally found among us, and yet make them partakers of the social and intellectual progress of the day. Fancy the joy of a squatter in Australia or New Zealand, if he could get such a girl to aid his wife; and fancy the joy of a young squatter, if, after some years' experience abroad, he got such a woman as a true helpmate! My idea may seem visionary; but were I rich, I would begin to try the experiment to-morrow; and perhaps some experienced philanthropist may yet reduce this crude idea to a practical form.—*English Writer.*

W. The state of Wisconsin exemplifies the wonderful and unprecedented character of the country in regard to the resources of its growth and strength. The Legislature of that state has ordered the governor's message to be printed in eight different languages: English, German, Norwegian, Irish, Welsh, Holland, French and Bohemian. The old, vigorous, Teutonic stock is largely represented there, and is contributing largely to the prosperity of the state.

☞ Few secrets would ever escape if the following rule were complied with: Never confide in the young; new pails leak. Never tell your secrets to the aged; old doors seldom shut closely.

It is stated—and apparently on very good authority—that a range of six hundred yards has been obtained with an arrow, and that to hit, five times out of six, a mark six inches in diameter, and distant one hundred yards, was not an unusual performance in old times for a first-class archer.

THE CONVALESCENT

Madame La Fontaine is teasing
 Unway, in her sleep;
 The system she's been dosed with
 'Tis more bring slumbers deep.
 "Le Chien" morphine, for which she used
 To crave, is word drug;
 She kicks against the chloroform
 Of "Le Progrès" 'till it's full;
 And even rejects the opium pill
 Of "Le Progrès"!

The "little guinea," that used to stand
Her side heart, into their dream;
"Singing Society" wasn't chosen,
Nor "Sweet Songs" chosen,
She looks at her plain-recessed;
Finds where she has been blind;
Pats her hand, with a dreamy look,
Up to her shaven head—
Feeling for Freedom's sword,
Finds it where she's blind:

Has doubts whether these doctors
 Of debt and far and loose,
 Prescribed by her kind doctor,
 Were not best left alone;
 Feels that her pulse beats steady;
 Finds her limbs want free play;
 Is hungry, but would like her food
 Doomed in another way;
 "Not a Emperor," she cries,
 But "I am a Doctor,"—London, 1884.

GREAT EATERS.

often eaten more live long. A voracious appetite is far from being a sign of health, unless in indication of disease. Some dyspepsia are called hungry; but best when they are eating, but as soon as they have on they enter torments, as diarrhoea in its nature, as to make the unhappy victim for the death. The appetite of health is which inclines to eat moderately, when the time comes, and which, when eating, leaves no unpleasant remembrance. Murder murther their health by the amount they can eat; and of any ten persons, also gratified as an increase of weight, as if he built was an index of health; when, really, any excess of fitness is, in practice, decisive proof of existing disease; wing that the absorbents of the system too weak to discharge their duty; and tendency to fatness, to obesity, increased existence is a burden, and sudden death was the history. Particular inquiry will most unvaryingly elicit the fact, that a fat man, however rubicund and jolly, is never ; and yet they are enervated.

Wells great eaters never live to an old age, and are never, for a single day, without the "symptoms" some feeling sufficiently disagreeable to attract the mind's attention momentarily, small eaters, those who eat sparingly of plain food, usually have no "raw flesh," are wiry and enduring, and are to an active old age. Remarkable exemplifications of these statements are found in the lives of centenarians of a past age. James, one of the most distinguished physicians among the ancients, lived very sparingly after the age of twenty-eight, and died in his one hundred and fortieth year. Antigern, who never tasted spirits or wine, worked hard all his life, reached a hundred and eighty-five years. Jenkins, a poor Kahkire fisherman, who lived on the poorest diet, was one hundred and sixty-one years old when he died. Old Parr lived a hundred and fifty-three; his diet being milk, cheese, whey, small beer and coarse bread. The favorite diet of Henry Francis, who lived to one hundred and forty, was bread and butter, and baked apples. William Pratt, of Shutesbury, Mass., who died aged one hundred and seventeen, lived on milk, and even that in small quantity; his son Michael by similar means, died to be a hundred and three years old. Peter Coll, a Methodist clergyman, died a year at the age of a hundred and five, the main diet of his life having been salted meat (bacon) and bread made of Indian meal. From these statements, intelligent readers out of ten will jump to the conclusion that milk is "healthy," as are dried apples and bacon. These conclusions are not legitimately follow. The only inference that can be safely drawn, is from the fact running through all these cases—that plain food and a life of steady labor led to a great age. As to the healthfulness of life protecting qualities of any article of diet named, nothing can be inferred, for twenty of the men lived on the same kind of food; all that can be rationally and safely said is, either that they lived so long in spite of the quality of the food they ate, or that their instinct called for a particular kind of food; and the gratification of that

infect, instead of its perversion, with a life of steady labor, directly caused healthfulness and great length of days. We must expect to live long by doing *any one* thing which an old man did, and omit all the rest, but by doing *all* he did; that is, work steadily, as well as eat mainly a particular dish.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

During the recent performance of *Joe and Juliet*, at Marblehead Mass., the Juliet's question in the soliloquy before entering the sleeping draught—"What if this picture do not work at all?" was answered by an urchin in the pit—"Then take a dose of pills." The effect upon the audience can only be imagined than described.

A BRIDAL IN PARIS.

A very brilliant marriage ceremony was performed on Sunday evening last in the new Greek Church, lately opened near the Boulevard Haussmann, and which, probably most of your readers who have visited the French metropolis have had the anxiety to inspect. The bride and bridegroom were both Russian subjects, and members of the aristocracy of their country, and the Grand Ambassador, Ambassador of Russia at Paris, and his wife, were both present on the occasion, together with many members of the diplomatic corps. This Greek Church, which is situated in a very elegant quarter of Paris, whose its glowing and Oriental-looking exterior can be seen from a good distance, is in the hands of the community, who patronize and manage. Though small in its proportions, it is a very good specimen of the Byzantine style of architecture. Its form is that of the Greek cross, the four arms being wholly enclosed by means of a dome or screen, which rises to thirty feet in height, and of which the interior is covered with stucco paintings, representing our Lord and the four Evangelists, in a good manner, together with apostles, and other ecclesiastical representations of the Christian faith. There are no pews, or chairs, in this religious place of worship, which is entirely carpeted over with a modern high pile carpet of rich colors. At the further end of the church is a golden screen, with three painted openings, serving as doorways, which are habited by monks, and around the sanctuary, or holy of holies, which being under the altar, the screen never being removed here during the performance of religious cere-

On the ceremony in question, the guests invited had all taken their positions in a semicircle round the church before the arrival of the bride, leaving a space in the middle, where a *pre-Dieu*, covered with a cloth of white moire and gold, had been placed. There, on arriving, the bride and bridegroom took their places, the doors of the golden screen at the main time opened, allowing the high priest and two other priests to pass, who came up to the *pre-Dieu*, and the ceremony commenced. This consists first in spreading a *pellem* in front of the to-be-married pair, then in an interchange of nuptial rings between the bride and bridegroom, after which the arch, or high priest, offers them two crowns of flowers, which are given into the hands of the two bridesmen, and by them held over the heads of the pair till the termination of the wedding ceremony. All this time certain psalms and hymns are chanted by the priests, and responded to by a chorus of voices, the singers being placed so as to be invisible to the assembly. The closing part of the ceremony consists in the bride and bridegroom walking hand-in-hand three times round the *pre-Dieu* and *pellem*, which seems to constitute the most important part of the religious rite, the bridesmen following with the crowns of

owers held over their respective heads. After the third turn a fourth priest advanced, and, in a deep bass voice, chanted something like prayers for the wedded couple, who then walked separately towards the pictures of the Virgin and of Christ, placed in the nave, and kneeling down before them, performed acts of private devotion. The ceremony was then over, and the party separated at the church door, to reasonable at the house of the father of the young bride. All the ladies present were dressed in full ball-dress toilettes, the gentlemen in evening costumes, and the church was so filled, with its gold screen and gilded paintings, its arches and small gilt Byzantine columns, and the thousands of lamps and wax-lights which threw a more than noonday splendor over the whole, presented a most gay and singular scene. The bride was very young and pretty, the bridegroom, a Count Megendorff, a fine military-looking man, and it so happened that among the guests assembled to witness the ceremony, there was a more than ordinary amount of female beauty. The psalms and hymns used during the religious rites were all chanted, the music very much resembling the psalm chant, or Gregorian chants used in some of the Roman Catholic churches. It is to be remarked that in the Greek services the officiating priests are chosen for the excellence of their bass voices. I have seldom heard a bass voice so deep and rare as that of one of the priests who occasionally officiates in the pretty Greek church of the Quartier Beaujon, and who appears to go down something like an octave below Standig, or any of the bass singers of past and modern days.

CRICKET.—In addition to a quick eye, calculation, agility, and courage, this game requires great self-control. It exercises the character, and strength of mind, those truly British virtues; for the first quality of a good player is not to let himself be disturbed either by difficulties or success.

—*M. Esquire on English Customs.*

"Annetta, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir." "Well," said the perplexed teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir."

LATEST NEWS

[illegible]

The report also says that the German ambassador in London, Count Bernstorff, has been ordered to leave the city. The German ambassador in Paris, Count Bernstorff, has been ordered to leave the city. The German ambassador in London, Count Bernstorff, has been ordered to leave the city. The German ambassador in Paris, Count Bernstorff, has been ordered to leave the city.

THE TELEGRAPH IN LONDON.—The following is said to be an absolute fact:—
‘An old lady in London had given permission for some wires to be placed on her house, where they were supported by a gable. After then had been in position some few weeks, the old lady walked upon the principal telegraph authority, and stated that she had a complaint to make. ‘The fact is, sir,’ she said, ‘those telegraph messages won’t allow me to get any sleep at night; I lie awake, staring about, and can’t get a wink for the noise. At first, sir, I didn’t mind it so much, and things were not so bad as they are now; but lately, sir, there have been a deal more messages. I don’t think either, sir, that you are aware of all that’s said along them wires; there’s a man that hadn’t ought to be; for I can assure you, sir, that very much that’s said there—and I have to lay and listen to—no respectable woman ought to hear. So I’ve come at last to complain to you, sir, hoping that it may be stopped.’

"The gentlemen to whom this singular complaint was made was, of course, aware that the notes complained of was the wind in the wires; the messenger of a doubtful character were the emanations of a fruitless imagination on the part of the old lady. He, however, pacified her by stating that, in the future, young women of great respectability were to be substituted at the office for these young men who formerly worked the lines."

25 **AN AMERICAN BELLE.**—A recent ball at the Hotel de Villa, Paris, was most brilliantly attended, including some four thousand persons of Baron and Madame Hottelmann's "intimates." One of the belles of the evening was a very young bride, a lovely American girl, married last spring to a young Count Hatfield, the son of the Prussian Minister of that name, formerly in Paris. Blazing in gems and diamonds, the youthful form and features of the lovely sister-in-law of the pretty Mrs. Moulton, attracted all eyes, and actually caused a circle to surround her wherever she moved. Several remarkably lovely girls and women were present at this ball, but all seemed, for the time, cast into the shade by the brilliant and youthful apparition of this new star.—*Paris Letter.*

THE GREAT NEWS FOR TOPKERS. While
 key and brandy can now be made out of
 coal gas, which consists of carbon and hy-
 drogen, as does alcohol, with the addition of
 oxygen. For several years past the process
 of converting olefiant gas into spirit has
 been talked of, but now a French patent has
 been obtained for the purpose and sold to a
 company in London. You take away one-
 half the hydrogen, add a little oxygen, and
 presto ! you have a bottle of brandy.

The cattle of Florida are exceedingly small and poor. It is estimated that there are two millions in the state, their average weight being less than four hundred pounds.

THE The new chaplain of the House of Representatives at Washington, in his prayer a few mornings since, gave the Lord a full and very artistic description of the statue of the goddess of liberty upon the dome of the capitol! He had previously described the most noted cathedrals of the old world and other works of art.—*Emancipation paper.*

It is a pious and valuable maxim which says: "A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity."

you know I have been nowhere
at Fairbairn: so that it is fine

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